

ment of the by-standers, confirms the lie which her wicked husband had told before; not perceiving his ghastly corpse, which is carrying off behind her after he had been stricken dead for his falsehood, nor yet the angry angel who is hovering over her head, and already moving his sword to repeat the same vengeance upon her. This is, indeed, a very capital piece; and I hope, that when Master *False-tongue* and Miss *Fib-teller* have read my account of it (and I must beg of Mr. *Newbery* to send it to them;) I hope, I say, that they will be wise enough to take warning, and, for the time to come, not to tell a lie upon any account; for it will be a terrible thing to be struck dead in that instant, in which a falsehood is dropping from their lips.

The fifth picture which presents itself is the murder of *Abel*, which hath been very strikingly represented by Mr. *Tenderheart*: for that I believe is the name of the painter. As to my part, the scene is so wonderfully moving, that I could never

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bear to look upon it without tears. Poor *Abel*! there he lies, with his face all covered with blood, and his body with wounds and dirt, still stretching out his hands for mercy, and crying, "Spare me, Oh, forgive me," while *Cain*, his flinty-



hearted brother, stands scowling by him, and lifts up his club to give him the last—last fatal blow. Inhuman brother! hold thy ruffian hand! and if it does not even yet shock thee to see thy own flesh and blood, the son of thy mother, lie bleeding on the

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